

The Musical Miscellany.

B E I N G

A Choice COLLECTION of FAVOURITE SONGS.



C O N T A I N I N G,

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 From sweet bewitching tricks
of love. | 9 Ye virgins attend! |
| 2 'Gainst the destructive wiles of
man. | 10 I made love to Kate. |
| 3 If love's a sweet passion. | 11 Ye fair possess'd of every
charm. |
| 4 As I went o'er the meadows. | 12 The morning fresh, &c. |
| 5 Free from care, free from strife. | 13 I met young Damon, &c. |
| 6 What is life we so prefer. | 14 In all mankind's promiscuous
race. |
| 7 As Nell sat underneath her cow | 15 For various purpose serves the
fan. |
| 8 Say, good master Bacchus. | |



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street.

Advice to Young Men.

A Hint to the Fair Sex.

FROM sweet bewitching tricks
of love,

Young men, your hearts secure,
Lest from the paths of sense you
In dotage premature; [rove,
Look at each lass thro' wisdom's
glaſs,

Don't trust the naked eye;
Gallants, beware! look sharp!
take care!

The blind eat many a fly.

Not only on their face & necks,
The borrow'd white you'll find;
Some belles, when farreſt direct,
Can even paint the mind;
Joy in diſtreſs they can expreſs,
Their very tears can lye;
Gallants, beware, &c.

There's not a ſpinſter in the
realm,

But all mankind can cheat,
Down to the cottage from the helm
The learn'd, the brave, the great:
With lovely looks & golden hooks
To entangle us they try;
Gallants, beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made,
Was every ſingle ſtick a quill,
Each man a ſcribe by trade,
To write the tricks of half the ſex
Would drain that ocean dry;
Gallants, beware! look sharp!

take care!
The blind eat many a fly.

GAinst the deſtructive wiles
of man

Your hearts, ye fair ones, guard,
Their only ſtudy's to trepan.
And play a trickſter's card;
With ſtrange delight poor women
Amuſe, caſole, belye;
Hence, girls, beware! look sharp!
take care!

For men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus, man, like him of
old,

A thouſand forms will take,
His venal ſoul is all for gold,
A crocodile, a ſnake;
See, his dire web this ſpider
ſpread,

To catch the female fly,
Hence, girls, beware, &c.

A porcupine by rage inspir'd,
At nymphs he darts his quills;
A baſilisk by frenzy fir'd,
His glance like poiſon kills;
With fraudulent arts he ſteals their
hearts,

Then throws the baubles by;
Hence, girls, beware, &c.

Was the whole race of men to
meet

On one wide ſpreading plain,
Of conſtancy and faith to treat,
And virtue's ſpotleſs train,
To find a youth renown'd for
truth,

Whole ages we might try ;
Hence girls, beware ! look sharp !
take care !
For men are wondrous fly.

Beauty's bright Standard

IF Love's a sweet passion,
How can it torment ?
If bitter, O tell me,
Whence comes my content ;
Since I suffer with pleasure,
Why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate,
Since I know 'tis in vain ;
Yet so pleasing the pain is,
So soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me
And tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently,
Look languishing down,
And by passionate silence
I make my love known ;
But, O how I am blest,
When so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake,
To discover her love ;
When in striving to hide
She reveals all her secret,
And our eyes tell each other
What neither dare name.

How pleasing is beauty,
How sweet are her charms,
How delightful embraces,
How peaceful her arms ;
Since there's nothing so easy
As learning to love,
'Tis taught us on earth

And by all things above ;
And to beauty's bright standard
All heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers
And keeps the fair field.

The Fairing.

AS I went o'er the meadows,
No matter the day,
A shepherd I met, who
Came tripping that way ;
I was going to the fair
All so bonny and gay :
He ask'd me to let him
To go with me there,
No harm shall come to you,
Young damsel, I swear,
And I'll buy you a fairing
To stick in your hair.
You've a great way to go,
It is more than a mile,
We'll rest, if you please,
When we come to yon stile,
I've a story to tell you
Will charm yon the while.
To go with him further
I did not much care,
Yet still I went on,
Not suspecting a snare,
For I dream'd of a fairing
To come from the fair.

To make me more easy,
He said all he could :
I threaten'd to leave him
Unless he'd be good ;
I would not for the world
He should dare to beguile :

Young Roger he promis'd,
But baulk'd me, last year;
If he should do so
I would go no more there,
Though I long'd e'er so much
For a gift from the fair.

When arriv'd at the stile,
He'd scarce be-said no,
But kiss'd my soft lips
As if there he would grow:
Take heed, O ye maids,
With what shepherds you go!
Confounded I ran,
When I found out the snare,
No ribbons, I cry'd,
From such hands will I wear,
Nor go, while I live,
For such gifts to the fair.

Rural Life.

FREE from care, free from
strife,
In a sweet country life,
I could chuse to spend all my days,
Where innocence reigns,
Flocks cover the plains,
And birds sweetly carol their lays
So contented they live,
What joys they receive,
Though nothing but ground for
their floor;
Just before the sweet cot,
So delightful the spot,
The jessamin grows at the door.
Early they rise,
Transported with joys,
Contented their days pass along:

And justly combin'd,
With a true hearted mind,
To a wife to whom all virtues be-
long.

Though homely their food,
Their appetites' good,
Blooming health on their cheeks
does appear;

Neither envy nor pride
With them can reside,
But happiness shines thro' the year
At fun going down,
Their work being done,
They're the happiest people on
earth;

By the oak on the green,
Each couple is seen,
In innocent pastime and mirth.

When harvest is done,
With a formal old song,
The jolly farmer's among all the
rest;

Who will laugh, drink, & say,
This is our holiday,
With ale & good beer of the best,
Let the statesman desire,
Who at court does aspire,
For his country's good let it be;
Truth, justice, and Pitt,
In the house ever sit.

And times will mend soon you
will see.

Life's a Vapour.

WHat is life we so prefer,
Nought but trouble, toil,
and care;

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He who is endow'd with wealth,
Oftentimes may want his health,
And the man of healthful state,
Poverty may be his fate.

Some are so inclin'd to pride,
That the poor they can't abide:
Tho' themselves are now secure,
He that's rich may soon be poor:
Fortune is at no man's call,
Some will rise whilst others fall.

Some ambitious minds will soar,
If they get themselves in power,
And have mercenary tools,
To obey their master's rules:
But one sudden turn of fate
May humble him who once was great.

He who would be happy, must
Be to friend and country just;
He has content, and that is more
Than millions have with bags of store.

And whenever life shall cease,
He may lay him down in peace.

John and Nell.

AS Nell sat underneath her cow,
Behind a cock of hay,

Young John was coming from his
plow,

And chanc'd to pass that way;
Like lightning to the maid he
saw,

And by the hand he seiz'd her,
Pray John, said she, be quiet, do:
And frown'd, because he seiz'd
her.

Young Cupid from his mother's
knee.

Observ'd the female pride,
Go on and prosper, John, said he,
For I will be your guide:

Then aim'd at Nell's breast a
dart,

From pride it soon releas'd her,
She faintly cri'd I feel love's smart
And sigh'd, because it eas'd her.

John laid himself down by her
side,

And stole a kiss or two,

And flattery's charms he also
try'd,

Till she the kinder grew:

The poison soon began to spread,
And in the nick he seiz'd her,

She trembled, blush'd, and hung
her head,

Then smil'd, because he pleas'd
her.

Request to Bacchus.

SAY, good master Bacchus,
astride on your butt,

Since our Champagne is gone, &
our Claret run out,

Which of all the briske wines in
your empire that grow,

Will serve to delight your poor
drunkards below,

Resolve us, great sir, and soon
send it over,

Lest we die, lest we die, of the sin
of being sober.

(6)
Advice to Maidens.

YE virgins, attend,
Believe me your friend.
And with prudence adhere to my

Let it never be said;

There goes an old maid;

But get married as fast as you can.

As soon as you find

Your hearts are inclin'd

To beat quick at the sight of a
man;

Then chuse out a youth

Of honour and truth,

And get married as fast as you
can.

For age, like a cloud,

Your charms will soon shroud,

And this whimsical life is a span;

Then make your hay,

While the sun darts his ray,

And get married as fast as you
can.

The treacherous rake

Will artfully take

Every method poor girls to trepan;

But baffle his snare,

Make virtue your care,

And get married as fast as you

And when Hymen's bands

Have join'd both your hands,

The bright flame still continue to
burn;

Never harbour the stings

That jealousy brings,

But be constant, and blest while
you can.

Dick and Kate.

I Made love to Kate,

Long I sigh'd for her,

Till I heard of late,

She'd a mind for me.

I met her on the plain,

In her best array;

So pretty she did seem,

She stole my heart away.

Oh, then we kiss'd and press'd;

Were we much to blame?

Had you been in my place,

You'd have done the same.

As I tender grew,

She began to prate,

Quoth she—I'll marry you,

And you shall marry Kate.

But then I laugh'd and swore,

I lov'd her more than thou;

Ty'd each to a rope's end

In tugging to and fro.

Again we kiss'd and press'd;

Were we much to blame?

Had you been in my place,

You'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd, and said,

She was wondrous sick,

Dicky Katy led,

Katy she led Dick.

Long we toy'd and play'd

Under yonder oak.

Katy lost the game,

Though she play'd in joke;

For there we did, alas!

What I dare not name;

Had you been in my place,

You'd have done the same.

The Way to Keep Him.

Y E fair possess'd of every
charm
To captivate the will,
Whose smiles can rage itself dis-
arm,
Whose frowns at once can kill;
O say, will you deign the verse to
hear,
Where flattery bears no part;
In hon' it verse, that flows sincere
and candid from the heart?
Great is your pow'r, but,
greater yet,
In kind it might engage,
As ye all can make a net,
Which all could make a cage;
Each nymph a thousand hearts
may take,
Of who's to beauty blind?
But to what end a prisoner make,
Unless we've strength to bind?
Attend the counsel often told,
Too often told in vain;
Learn that best art the art to hold,
And lock the lover's chain;
Remember to hark purpose win,
Who lose again as fast;
Who beauty may the charm begin
His sweetest makes it last.

The Morning fresh.

THE morning fresh, the sun
in east,
New gilds the smiling day:
The lark forsakes her dewy nest,

The fields around are gaily dress'd,
Arise my love and play,

Come forth, my fair, come
forth, bright maid,
And bless thy shepherd's sight;
Lend every folded flower thy aid,
Unveil the rose's blushing shade,
And give me sweet delight.

Thy presence makes all nature
smile,

Those smiles, your charms im-
prove?

Thy strains the list'ning birds be-
guile,

And, as invite, reward their toil,
And tune their notes to love.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn
tree,

The flower-wreaths I'll twine;
E'er other eyes their beauties see,

They on thy brows adorn'd shall
be;

The happy task be mine.

Young Damon.

I Met young Damon t'other
day,

And near me as he drew;

No twain, methought, e'er look'd
so gay;

Upon my word 'tis true.

With ardent bliss my lips he
press'd;

Pray what could Phillis do?

A frown'd—but only frown'd in
jest;

Upon my word 'tis true.

The shepherd fight'd and talk'd
 of love, yet his soul was
 A theme to me quite new;
 Of angels, heaven, and powers
 above;
 And vow'd that all was true.

My bosom throbb'd, I knew
 not why,
 As still more fond he grew;
 I listened to his tale with joy,

Upon my word 'tis true:
 Let Damon now be blest, he
 And fondly to me flew; [cry'd,
 His freedom vain I strove to chide;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

With blushes spread, I look'd
 consent;
 Felt joys unknown to few;
 For now I found what Damon
 meant,
 And all he said was true.

Something New.

IN all mankind's promiscuous
 race,

The sons of error urge the chase,
 The wond'rous to pursue;

And, both in country & in town,
 The curious, courtier, cit, and
 clown,

Solicit something new.

The poets still from nature take,
 And what is ready-made they
 make,

Historians must be true;

How therefore shall we find a
 road,

Thro' dissertation, song, or ode,
 To give you something new.

They say virginity is scarce,
 As any thing in prose or verse,

And so is honour too;
 The papers of the day imply

No more than that we live & die,
 And pay for something new.

We see alike the woeful dearth
 In melancholy, or in mirth;

Then what shall ladies do?
 Seek virtue, as th' immortal prize;

In fine, be honest, and be wise,
 For that is something new.

The Fan.

FOR various purpose serves the
 fan,

As thus—a decent blind,
 Between the sticks to peep at man,

Not yet betray the mind,
 Each action has a meaning plain,

Resentment in the snarl;
 A frown expresses strong disdain,

Consent a gentle tap.
 All passions will the fan disclose,

All modes of female art,
 And to advantage sweetly shews

The hand, if not the heart.
 'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd

By love a capricious boy,
 Who knows how easy all mankind

Are govern'd by a toy.